

# I Want You

Sophie B. Hawkins

Guilty undertaker sighs  
Lonely organ grinder cries  
Silver saxophones say i,  
I should refuse you

Cracked bells and washed out horns  
Blow into my face with scorn  
It's not that way  
I wasn't born to lose you

I want you  
I want you  
Darling, i want you  
So bad

Drunken politicians leap  
Onto the street where mothers weep  
And saviors who are fast asleep  
They wait for you

And i'll wait for them to interrupt me  
Drinking from my broken cup  
And ask me  
To open up the gate for you

I want you  
I want you  
Darling, i want you  
So bad

I want you  
Darling, i want you, oh  
Oh, i want you  
Oh, so bad

Now all my fathers, they've gone down  
True love, they've been without it  
And all their daughters, they still put me down  
'Cause i think about it

I will return to the queen of spades  
Talk with my chamber maid  
She knows that i'm not afraid to look at her  
She's good to me  
There's nothing she don't see  
She knows where i would rather be  
But that doesn't matter

Your dancing child with his chinese suit  
He spoke to me, i stole his flute  
No, i wasn't that cute to him  
Was i?  
I did it though because he lied  
Because he took you for a ride  
Because time was on his side

Because, i want you

Darling, i want you  
I want you  
Oh, i want you  
I want you  
So bad

Oh, don't joke with me now, baby  
I want you  
I want you  
Let's go home

I want you...